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BLIND JUDGMENT

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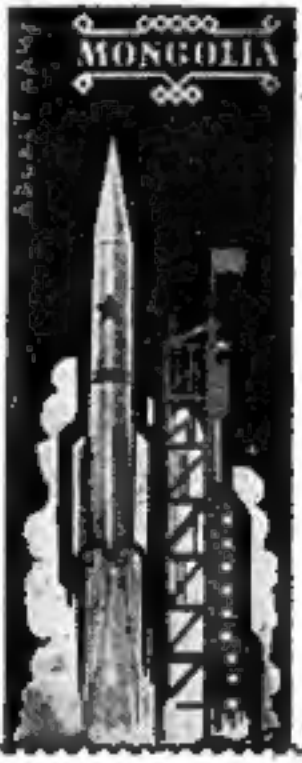

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BLIND JUDGMENT

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Chapter 1. To The Last Man

SOUTH-EAST OF EL ADEM, THE 4th BATTALION NOTTINGHAM FORESTERS WERE DUG IN ALONG A ROCK-STREWN ESCARPMENT DOMINATING ONE OF THE LAST ESCAPE ROUTES TO THE COAST ROAD. AN OPPRESSIVE SILENCE HAD SETTLED ACROSS THE DESERT.

FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, THE C.O., LIEUTENANT-COLONEL STRICKLAND, AND HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND, MAJOR JOHN NORDAN, RELAXED AS THEY READ THE MAIL THAT HAD JUST COME UP FROM BRIGADE.

THERE WAS A LONG ESTABLISHED COMRADESHIP BETWEEN THE TWO MEN WHICH HAD BEEN FORGED ON THE PRE-WAR PARADE GROUNDS OF SANDHURST, AND TEMPERED IN THE FURNACE OF BATTLE.
WELL DONE! THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION.
THANKS, TOM. I MUST ADMIT I'M RATHER PLEASED...
STAFF CAR COMING UP, SIR. LOOKS LIKE THE BRIGADIER.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, BRIGADIER MASTERSON ENTERED THE HEADQUARTERS. THERE WAS A BITTER WEARINESS IN HIS VOICE.
NO USE BURYING OUR HEADS IN THE SAND. BEST PART OF OUR ARMOUR'S BREWED UP THIS SIDE OF GAZALA AND THE FRONT'S CRACKED WIDE OPEN. PERHAPS YOU'VE GUESSED THE REASON WHY I'M HERE, TOM?
I THINK SO, SIR. WE'RE SITTING RIGHT IN JERRY'S PATH.

Blind Judgment

ONLY THE SLIGHT TWITCHING AROUND HIS EYES BETRAYED WHAT IT COST THE BRIGADIER TO UTTER HIS NEXT WORDS.

YES — RIGHT IN THE LINE OF FIRE! THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE FOR THE DIVISION TO PULL BACK AND REFORM. *THIS RIDGE MUST BE HELD!*

NIGHT SPREAD ITS MANTLE ACROSS THE RIDGE, AND THE BATTALION SETTLED TO WAIT WITH STOIC CALM.

THERE'S A PERISHIN' BIRDS NEST IN Y' RIFLE, HIGGINS, HE SAYS. SAR'NT-MAJOR, I SAYS, I'VE TREATED THAT BUNDOOK LIKE ME DEAR OLD MOTHER...

BELT UP, YOU TWO! THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING DOWN BY THE WIRE.

A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY, GERMAN ASSAULT ENGINEERS HAD COMPLETED AN INFILTRATION INTO THE BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS AND MINEFIELDS THAT GUARDED THE BATTALION PERIMETER.
ALL IS COMPLETE, HERR LEUTNANT. THE CHARGES ARE IN POSITION.
GET THE MEN CLEAR, FELDWEBEL.

SUDDENLY, THE FRONT ERUPTED IN A SERIES OF SAVAGE EXPLOSIONS AS THE T.N.T. CHARGES MINGLED WITH THE ROAR OF EXPLODING MINES.
HERE THEY COME, LADS!
ATTACK! STAND TO!

Blind Judgment

THE ACCURATE FIRE FROM THE BRITISH BATTALION TOOK A DEADLY TOLL THAT EVEN THE VAUNTED JAEGER REGIMENT COULD NOT FACE.
TEUFEL! IT IS SUICIDE TO CONTINUE! CALL THE OBERST FOR MORTAR SUPPORT!
JAWOHL, HERR LEUTNANT!

THE HEAVY THUMP OF MULTI-BARRELLED MORTARS ADDED THEIR GRIM NOTE TO THE STACCATO CHORUS OF SMALL ARMS FIRE.
RANGE, FIVE HUNDRED METRES!
TWO BATTERY— FEUER!

THE MORTAR BOMBS BURST WITH DEVASTATING EFFECT AMID THE BRITISH POSITIONS.
AAAGH!
STRETCHER PARTY! FOR PETE'S SAKE, GET THE STRETCHERS UP HERE! THE COLONEL'S HIT!

COLONEL STRICKLAND TRIED TO RISE BUT A SEARING PAIN LANCED THROUGH HIS LEG FORCING A GROAN FROM BETWEEN HIS CLENCHED TEETH.
EASY NOW, TOM-EASY.
YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, SIR.
THEN THE MORPHINE TOOK EFFECT AND MERCIFUL OBLIVION CLOSED AROUND HIM.

HOW'S HE GOING TO MAKE OUT, DOC?
HARD TO SAY, HE'S STOPPED A NASTY CHUNK OF SHRAPNEL IN THE LEG. IT'S ONLY AN OPERATING THEATRE THAT CAN SAVE HIS LEG.

THE BOMBARDMENT CONTINUED WITH UNABATED FURY AS MAJOR NORDAN MADE HIS WAY TO THE BATTALION HEADQUARTERS.

IF TOM STAYS HERE, IT'S EITHER PERMANENTLY OR TO END UP IN A P.O.W. CAMP. THE ARMY CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE MEN OF HIS CALIBRE AND EXPERIENCE.

CAPTAIN DONALD RITCHIE, THE ADJUTANT, HAD BEEN WITH THE BATTALION SINCE THE SIEGE OF TOBRUK THE PREVIOUS YEAR.

THE OLD MAN'S STOPPED A PACKET, DON. I WANT YOU TO GET HIM BACK TO ALEX, PRONTO.

RELIEVE HIM OF COMMAND IN THE MIDDLE OF BATTLE! HE'D NEVER FORGIVE YOU, JOHN. BESIDES, I'M DARNED IF I WANT TO GO MYSELF JUST NOW.

THE MAJOR'S VOICE WAS QUIET, BUT IT HELD A FIRM RING OF AUTHORITY.

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, DON. I'VE PUT THE ORDER IN WRITING TO CLEAR YOU WITH BRIGADE. WHEN THE COLONEL RECOVERS, GIVE HIM THIS LETTER, WILL YOU?

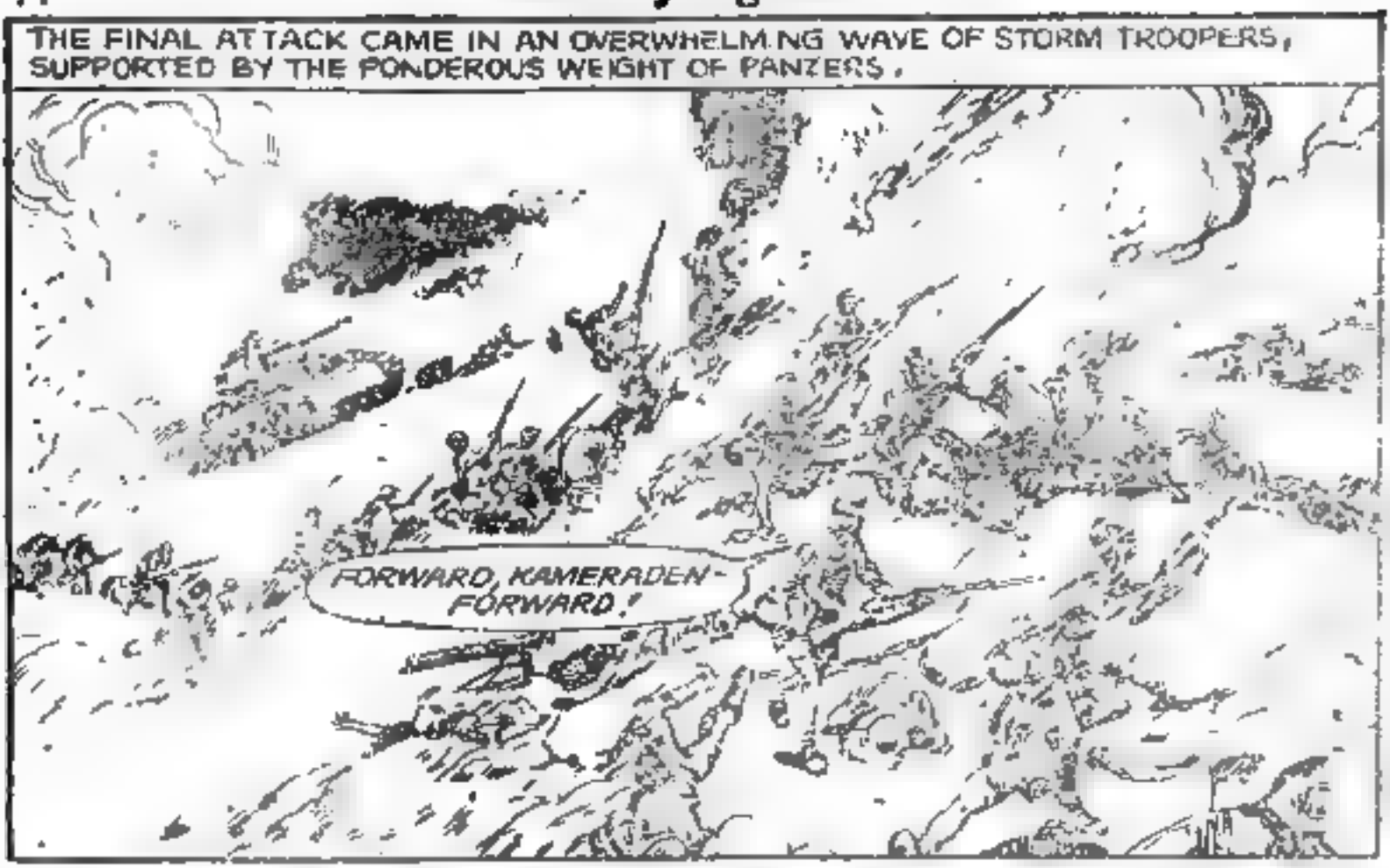
TEN MINUTES LATER, A JEEP BUCKETED AWAY TOWARDS THE REAR, TAKING COLONEL STRICKLAND AWAY FROM H S COMMAND .
GOODBYE, TOM . . . GOOD LUCK, OLD SCOUT.
JERRY'S MASSING FOR ANOTHER ATTACK, SIR.
ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT, I'M COMING .

THREE TIMES DURING THE LONG HOURS OF THE NIGHT THE GERMANS SWEPT FORWARD IN FRENZIED ATTEMPTS TO TAKE THE RIDGE .
AND THREE TIMES ONLY THE SHEER TENACITY OF THE DEFENDERS HELD THEM AT BAY.

BUT AFTER EACH ATTACK, A FEW MORE WEAPON PITS WERE SILENT. EVERYWHERE GREY-FACED MEN SLUMPED DOWN, EXHAUSTED, OVER THEIR GUNS.
IT'S CLOSE ON SUN UP, MATE. POOR OLD GEORGE AND BILL WON'T EVER HEAR REVEILLE AGAIN, THOUGH!

THE FIRST PALE TINGE OF DAWN COLOURED THE EASTERN SKY, AND ALL THAT REMAINED OF THE FOURTH BATTALION WAS STILL ON THE RIDGE.
HERE THEY COME, LADS. DON'T MAKE IT EASY FOR 'EM!

Blind Judgment



COLONEL STRICKLAND REMEMBERED LITTLE OF THE LONG JOURNEY BACK, OR OF THE THREE WEEKS OF PAIN-FILLED DELIRIUM IN THE BASE HOSPITAL AT ALEXANDRIA.
HE'S COMING ROUND AT LAST, DOCTOR.
WHERE AM I..? THE BATTALION..?
NOW JUST RELAX AND TAKE IT EASY. YOU'VE HAD QUITE A ROUGH PASSAGE. WE'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU SLEEP.

IT WAS SEVERAL MORE DAYS BEFORE HE WAS ALLOWED A VISITOR. THEN CAPTAIN RITCHIE CAME TO SEE HIM.
YOU CAN SEE HIM FOR A FEW MINUTES NOW, CAPTAIN. WE THINK HE'S STRONG ENOUGH TO BE TOLD WHAT HAPPENED. BUT GO EASY, HE'S STILL PRETTY WEAK.
THANKS, DOC, I'LL REMEMBER.

AT THE SIGHT OF THE CAPTAIN, SOMETHING OF THE COLONEL'S OLD ROBUST VIGOUR RETURNED.
HELLO, SIR. HOW ARE YOU FEELING NOW?
NEVER MIND ME! THE BATTALION, RITCHIE! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BATTALION? WHAT'S THE MATTER, MAN, HAVE YOU GONE AS DUMB AS THE REST OF THEM HERE.

CAPTAIN RITCHIE FOUND IT HARD TO MEET THE COLONEL'S GAZE. WHEN HE ANSWERED HIS VOICE WAS LOW.
THEY OBEYED THE ORDER, SIR — THE RIDGE WAS HELD TO THE LAST MAN.
AND MAJOR NORDAN?
HE — HE DIED WITH THE MEN, SIR. BEFORE WE LEFT, HE ASKED ME TO GIVE YOU THIS.
I SEE — THANK YOU.
AS THE COLONEL READ THE HASTILY SCRAWLED NOTE, HE COULD ALMOST HEAR THE WELL-KNOWN VOICE OF HIS OLD COMRADE.
Dear Tom,
By the time you read this, me will already have become part of the regiment history. I know how you must feel; and only hope that you will forgive my decision to send you back. I had no ch[illegible]
— The thing I would ask, keep an eye on young Alan for me. You and I have known some good times together, and in our profession a man cannot ask for a better way to go out.
Good bye Tom and good luck
Jorke

Chapter 2. *Debt of Honour*

DURING COLONEL STRICKLAND'S TWO MONTHS CONVALESCENCE, THE GREAT OFFENSIVE OF THE AFRIKA KORPS GROUND TO A HALT. AT THE BATTLE OF ALAM HALFA, THE ONCE INVINCIBLE PANZER DIVISIONS TASTED THE BITTERNESS OF DEFEAT.

BY THE MIDDLE OF SEPTEMBER, THE 8TH ARMY WAS GATHERING STRENGTH TO START PUSHING THE GERMANS BACK. AMONG THE MANY UNITS RE-FORMED WAS THE 4TH BATTALION FORESTERS ... WITH COLONEL STRICKLAND AS THEIR C.O.

GOOD TO SEE YOU BACK IN HARNESS, TOM. YOUR NEW BATTALION IS A MIXED BUNCH, BUT RITCHIE'S GOT HIS CROWN, SO YOU'LL HAVE A GOOD TWO I/C. TO HELP LICK THEM INTO SHAPE.

THANK YOU, SIR. IT FEELS GOOD TO BE BACK.

Blind Judgment

THE STRIKING RESEMBLANCE OF THE YOUNG OFFICER TO HIS FATHER STABBED AT THE COLONEL LIKE A KNIFE.
LIEUTENANT NORDAN, SIR — I WAS TOLD TO REPORT TO YOU.
WELCOME TO THE BATTALION, NORDAN. I'M POSTING YOU TO 'B' COMPANY. MEET YOUR COMPANY COMMANDER, CAPTAIN BEWLEY...
I'LL LOOK AFTER HIM, JOHN — I PROMISE.
COME ON OVER TO THE MESS AND WE'LL GET YOU SETTLED IN.

Blind Judgment

BUT THE TIME ALLOTTED TO TRAINING WAS SHORT.
THIS IS THE MOMENT WE HAVE TRAINED FOR. I KNOW YOU WILL ACQUIT YOURSELVES WELL AND MAINTAIN THE GREAT TRADITIONS OF THIS REGIMENT.

THREE DAYS LATER, THE 4TH BATTALION WAS IN THE NEAREST PLACE TO A FRONT LINE THAT THE VAST BARREN DESERT WOULD ALLOW.
BRIGADE WANTS TO KNOW IF JERRY IS STILL OCCUPYING EL DURBAR. YOU'LL LEAD 'B' COMPANY ON A FIGHTING PATROL TO FIND OUT. DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES THOUGH.
RIGHT, SIR.

AS "B" COMPANY MOVED OFF, COLONEL STRICKLAND AND MAJOR RITCHIE WATCHED THEM GO.
YOUNG NORDAN'S EAGER, BUT HE'LL LEARN. JUST LIKE WE ALL HAVE.
HE'LL MAKE THE GRADE. THAT LAD IS GOING TO MAKE A FIRST-CLASS OFFICER, COMES FROM THE RIGHT STOCK.

Blind Judgment

IMPRUDENTLY FOR ONCE, THE GERMANS HAD TAKEN LITTLE PRECAUTION AGAINST SURPRISE ATTACK.

RAPIDLY, THE CAPTAIN OUTLINED THE PLAN OF ATTACK.
WE'LL SPLIT UP INTO TWO PARTIES, ALAN—YOU LEAD A FEINT ATTACK ON THEIR LEFT AND I'LL COME IN BEHIND THEM. JERRY WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!
IT'S A DEAD CERT, SIR.

Blind Judgment

AS CAPTAIN BEWLEY HAD ANTICIPATED, THE SUDDEN ATTACK CAUGHT THE GERMANS COMPLETELY OFF GUARD.
ACHTUNG! ATTACK...ATTACK!

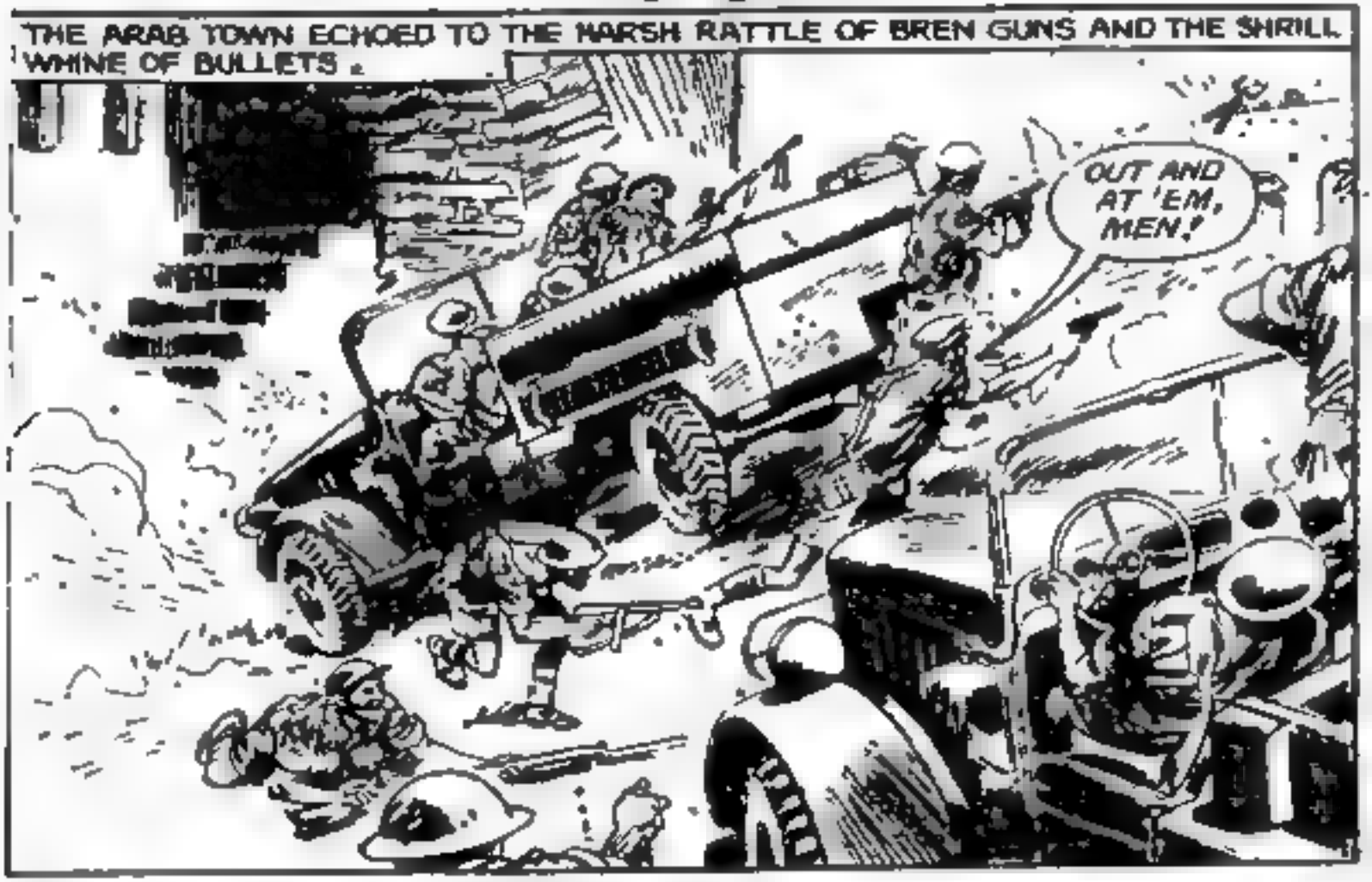
NUMBER ONE PLATOON PLUNGED HEADLONG INTO THE SMOKE. BEHIND THEM, THE MORTARS HAD SWITCHED TO H.E. AND THE HEAVY CRUMP OF EXPLODING BOMBS MINGLED WITH THE STACCATO RATTLE OF SMALL ARMS FIRE.
BETTER GO TO GROUND, SIR, THIS SMOKE WON'T HOLD UP MUCH LONGER. DON'T FORGET WE'RE JUST THE BAIT.
WE CAN'T STOP YET, SERGEANT, WE'VE GOT JERRY ON THE HOP!

Blind Judgment

FOR LIEUTENANT NORDAN, THE CRUEL REALITY OF BATTLE CAME WITH A LONG, VICIOUS BURST OF A SPANDAU AS IT REAPED A GRIM HARVEST.
HIT THE DECK!
AAAGH!

NAILED TO THE GROUND BY THE HAIL OF LEAD THAT SCYTHED THE AIR ABOVE THEM, THE LIEUTENANT COULD ONLY LOOK AROUND AT THE STILL LIFELESS BODIES.
WHAT—WHAT HAVE I DONE?
YOU'VE JUST LEARNT A LESSON, THAT'S ALL! KEEP FIRING, MEN!

Blind Judgment


THE ARAB TOWN ECHOED TO THE HARSH RATTLE OF BREN GUNS AND THE SHRILL WHINE OF BULLETS.
OUT AND AT 'EM, MEN!

GRIM-FACED MEN STALKED FORWARD THROUGH CLOUDS OF DUST AND ACRID CORDITE FUMES.
FLUSH 'EM OUT, LADS!

Blind Judgment

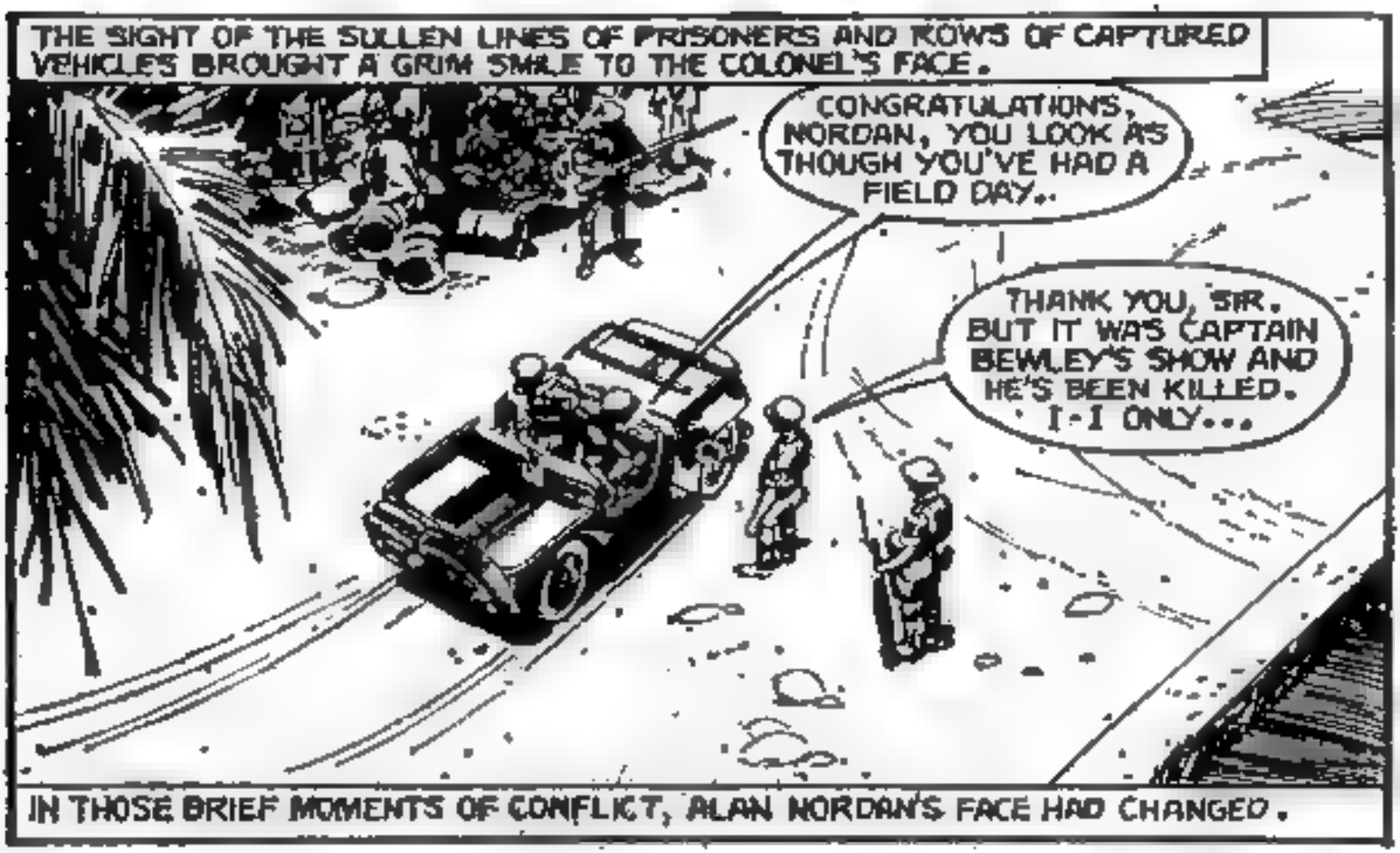
THE BARK OF THE LEE-ENFIELD AND THE LUGER RANG OUT SIMULTANEOUSLY BUT THE LAST, DEFIANT GESTURE OF A FANATICAL NAZI FOUND ITS MARK.
YOU MURDERING SWINE!
AAGH!

FOR CAPTAIN CLIVE BEWLEY, A LONG CAMPAIGN WAS OVER.
THE CAPTAIN'S DEAD, MURDERED..! GET THEM FLAMIN' JERRIES OUT O' MY SIGHT OR I'LL TURN A MACHINE GUN ON 'EM!

MEANWHILE, THE PLATOON SERGEANT TRIED TO COMFORT ALAN NORDAN ...
DON'T LET IT THROW YOU, SIR. SOUNDS LIKE THE FIREWORKS ARE OVER, TIME WE GOT MOVING.

Blind Judgment

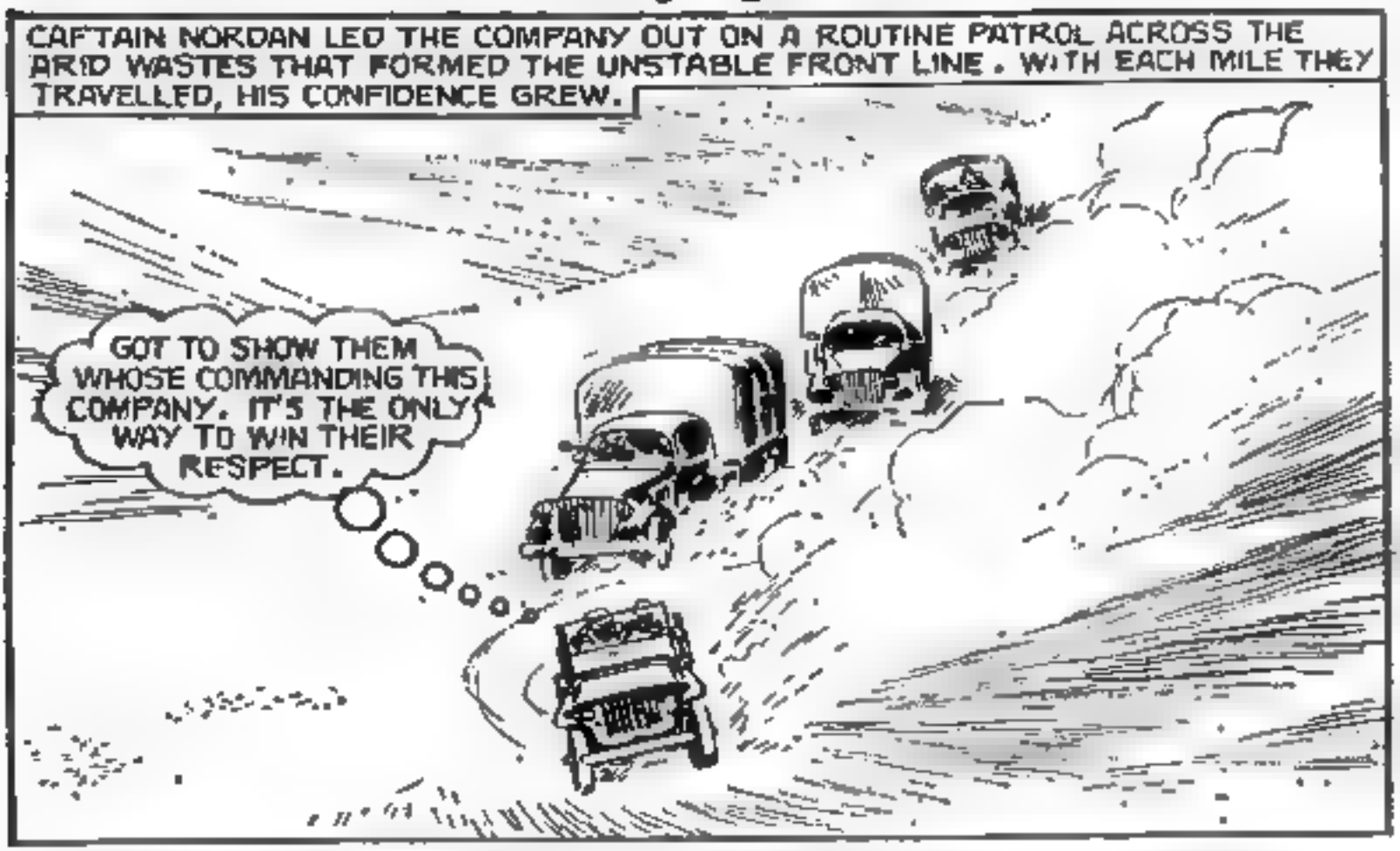
ONCE INSIDE A NEARBY HOUSE, SOME OF THE COLOUR SEEPED BACK TO NORDAN'S FACE.
THANKS, SERGEANT—I'M OKAY NOW.
JEEP COMING UP, SARGE. LOOKS LIKE THE OLD MAN.


THE SIGHT OF THE SULLEN LINES OF PRISONERS AND ROWS OF CAPTURED VEHICLES BROUGHT A GRIM SMILE TO THE COLONEL'S FACE.
CONGRATULATIONS, NORDAN, YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU'VE HAD A FIELD DAY..
THANK YOU, SIR. BUT IT WAS CAPTAIN BEWLEY'S SHOW AND HE'S BEEN KILLED. I-I ONLY...
IN THOSE BRIEF MOMENTS OF CONFLICT, ALAN NORDAN'S FACE HAD CHANGED.

Blind Judgment

ON THE WAY BACK TO HEADQUARTERS, THE COLONEL WAS THOUGHTFULLY SILENT. THEN...
'B' COMPANY WILL NEED A NEW COMMANDER NOW. WE'LL GIVE YOUNG NORDAN A CHANCE. HAVE HIS APPOINTMENT AS ACTING O.C. BAKER COMPANY POSTED IN ORDERS TONIGHT.
ISN'T THAT RATHER ASKING A LOT OF HIM, SIR?
THE COLONEL'S VOICE WAS CURT AND DECISIVE.
I WASN'T ASKING FOR YOUR OPINION, DON, THAT WAS AN ORDER.
VERY GOOD, SIR.
I ONLY HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, COLONEL!

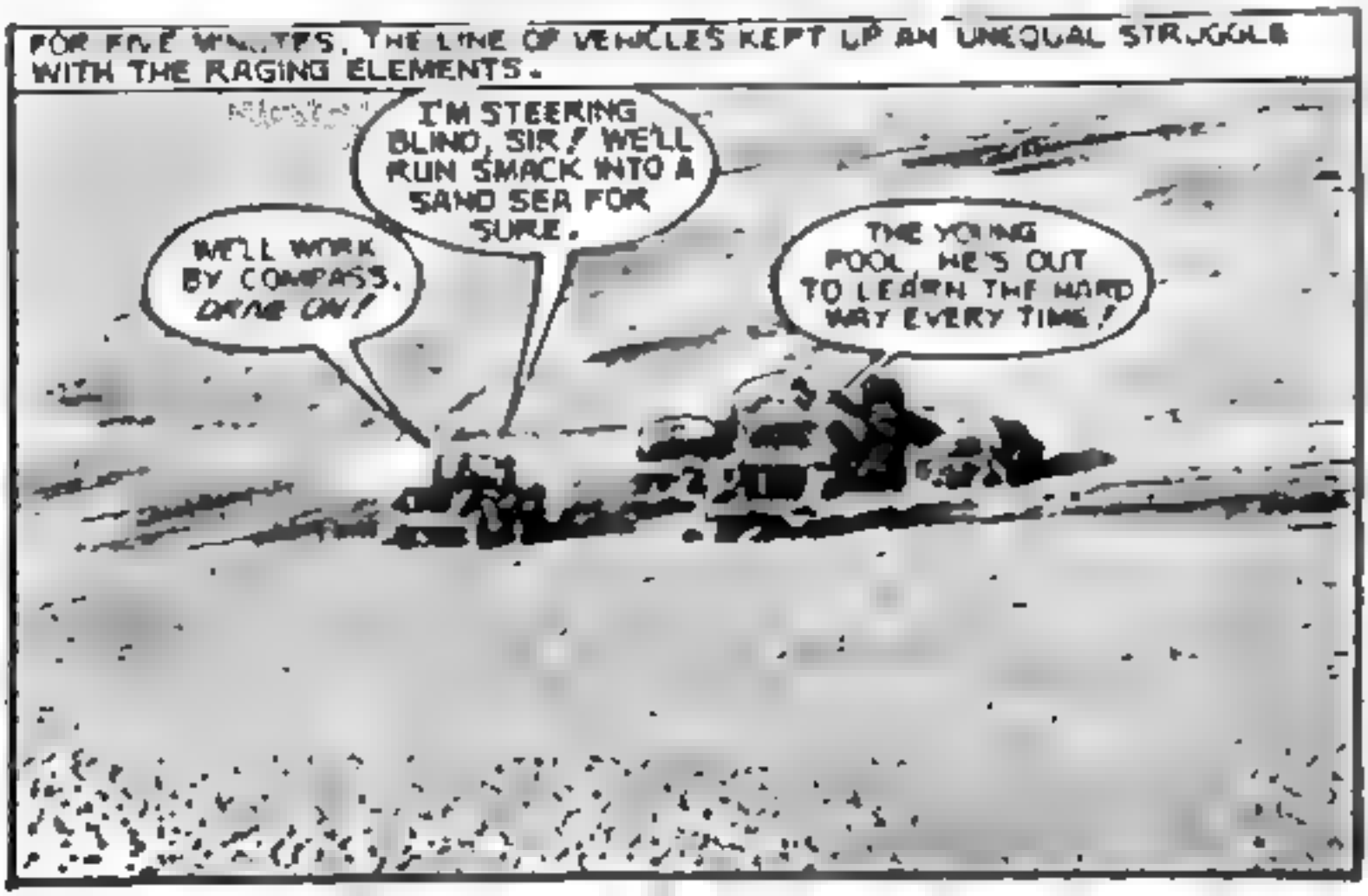
Chapter 3. The Hidden Spark

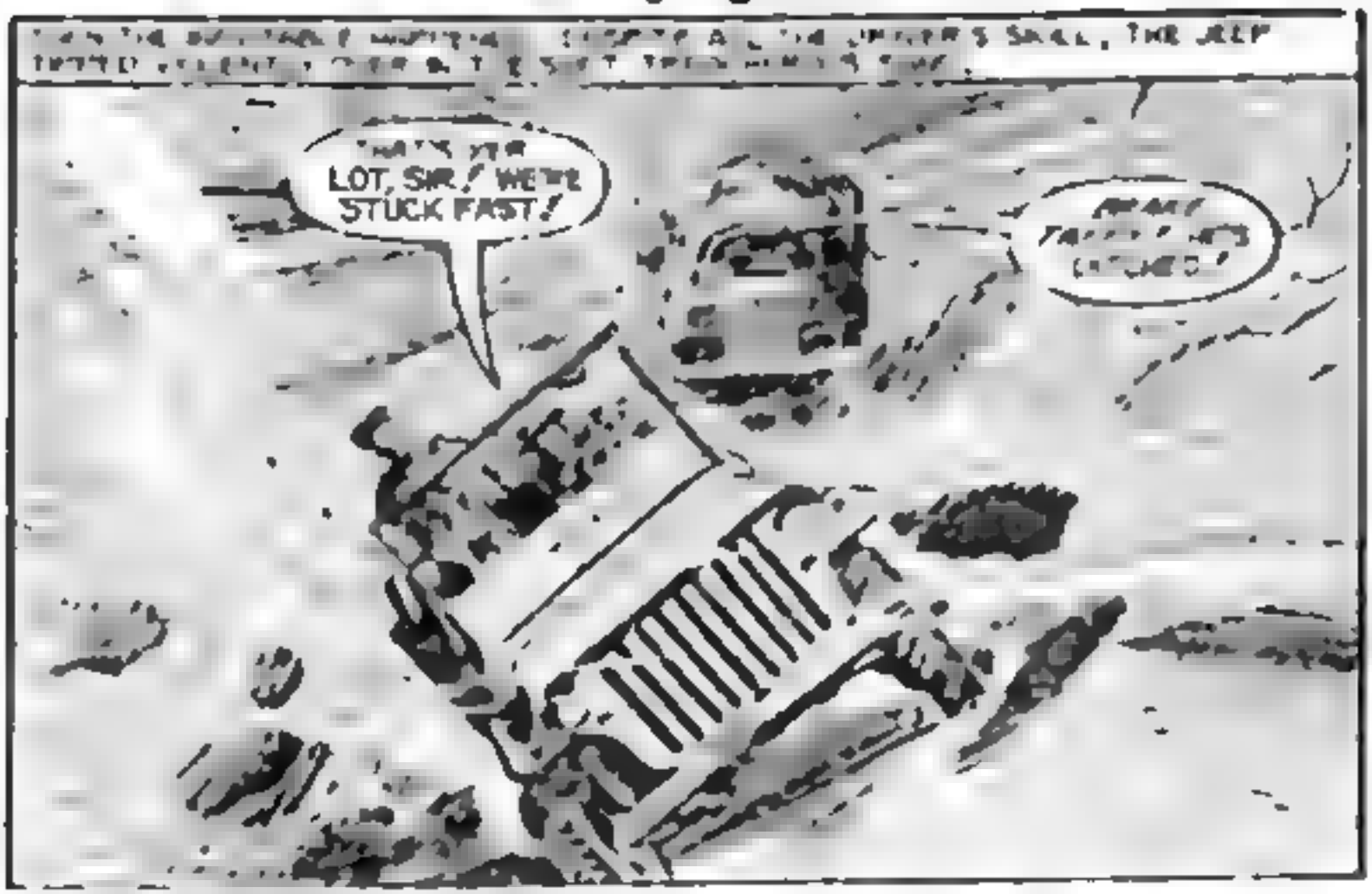

CAPTAIN NORDAN LED THE COMPANY OUT ON A ROUTINE PATROL ACROSS THE ARID WASTES THAT FORMED THE UNSTABLE FRONT LINE. WITH EACH MILE THEY TRAVELLED, HIS CONFIDENCE GREW.
GOT TO SHOW THEM WHOSE COMMANDING THIS COMPANY. IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO WIN THEIR RESPECT.

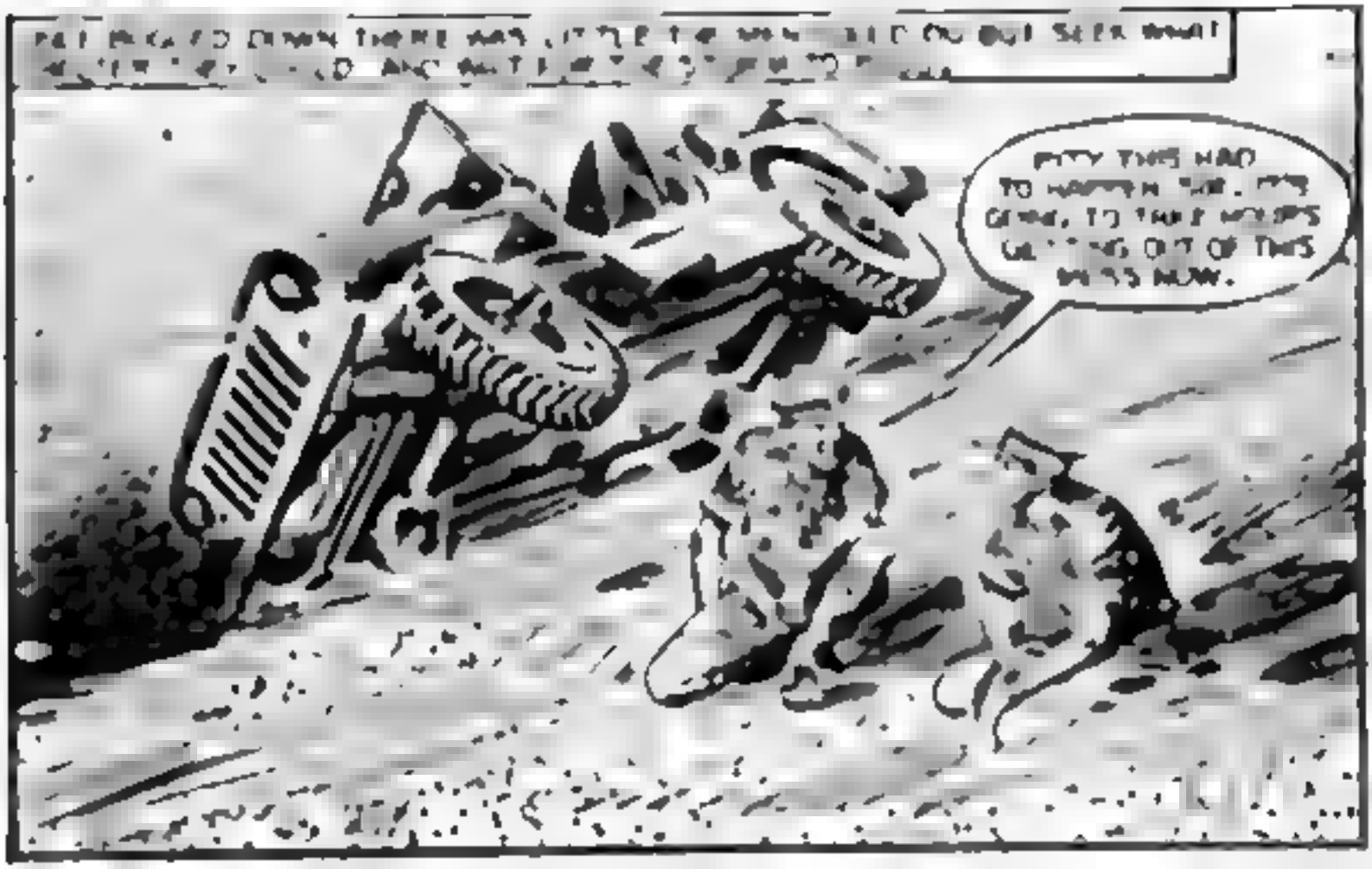
HIS DRIVER WAS A SEASONED CAMPAIGNER, KNOWLEDGEABLE IN THE WAYS OF THE DESERT...
SKY'S NOT LOOKING TOO HEALTHY, SIR? SHALL I PULL OVER IN THE LEE OF THEM ROCKS?
NO, KEEP GOING. WE'VE GOT TO COMPLETE THIS PATROL BY EIGHTEEN HUNDRED HOURS.

IN ONE OF THE REAR TRUCKS, SERGEANT-MAJOR LAWSON GREW INCREASINGLY WORRIED AS THE WIND MOUNTED IN FEROCITY.
HEAD UP TO THE TOP OF THE CONVOY. GET YOUR TOE DOWN, MAN!
RIGHT, SIR. HANG ON.

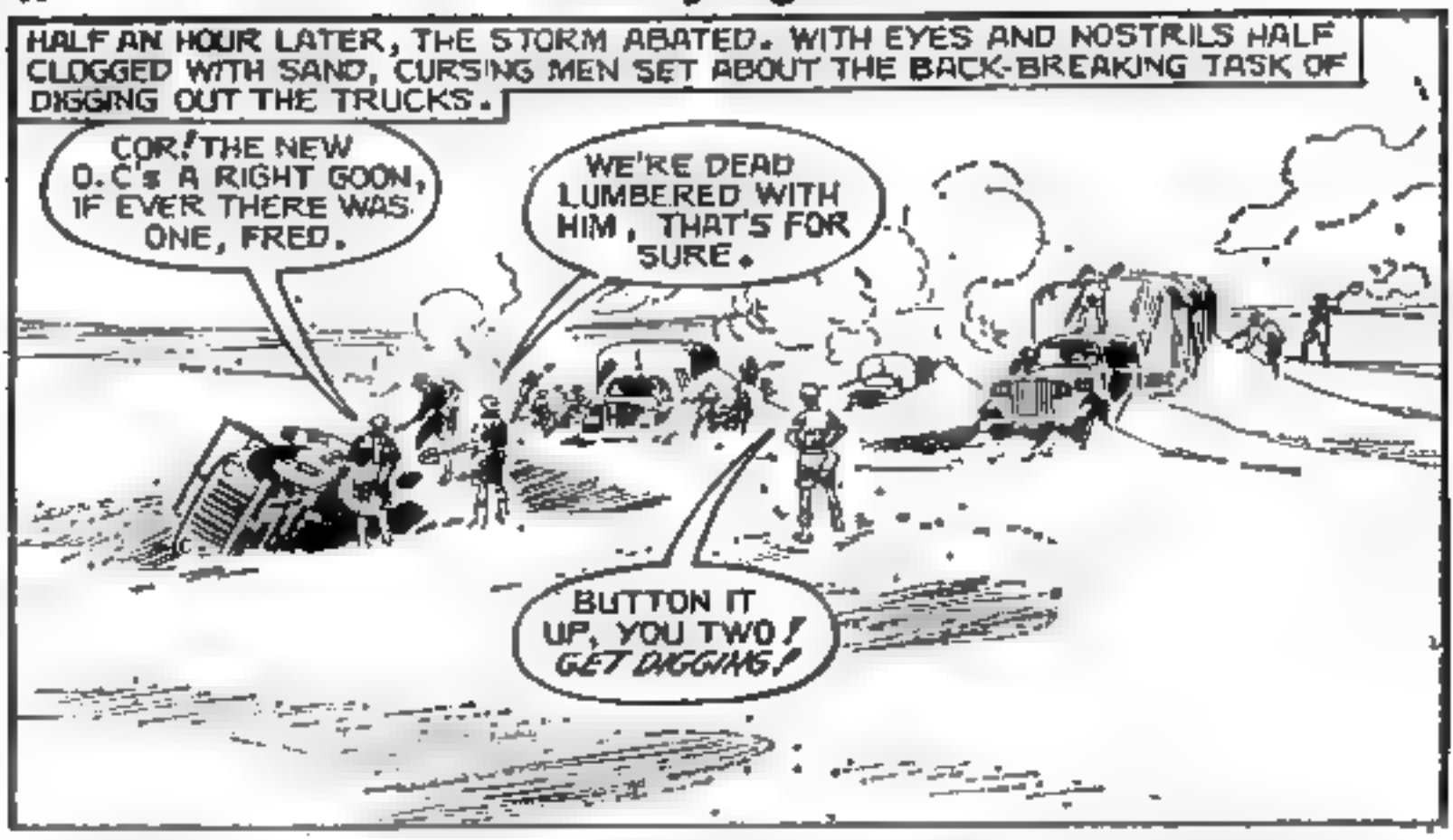
Blind Judgment




LOT, SIR! WE'RE STUCK FAST!


PITY THIS HAD TO HAPPEN, SIR. IT'S GRIM, TO THINK WE'RE GETTING OUT OF THIS MESS NOW.

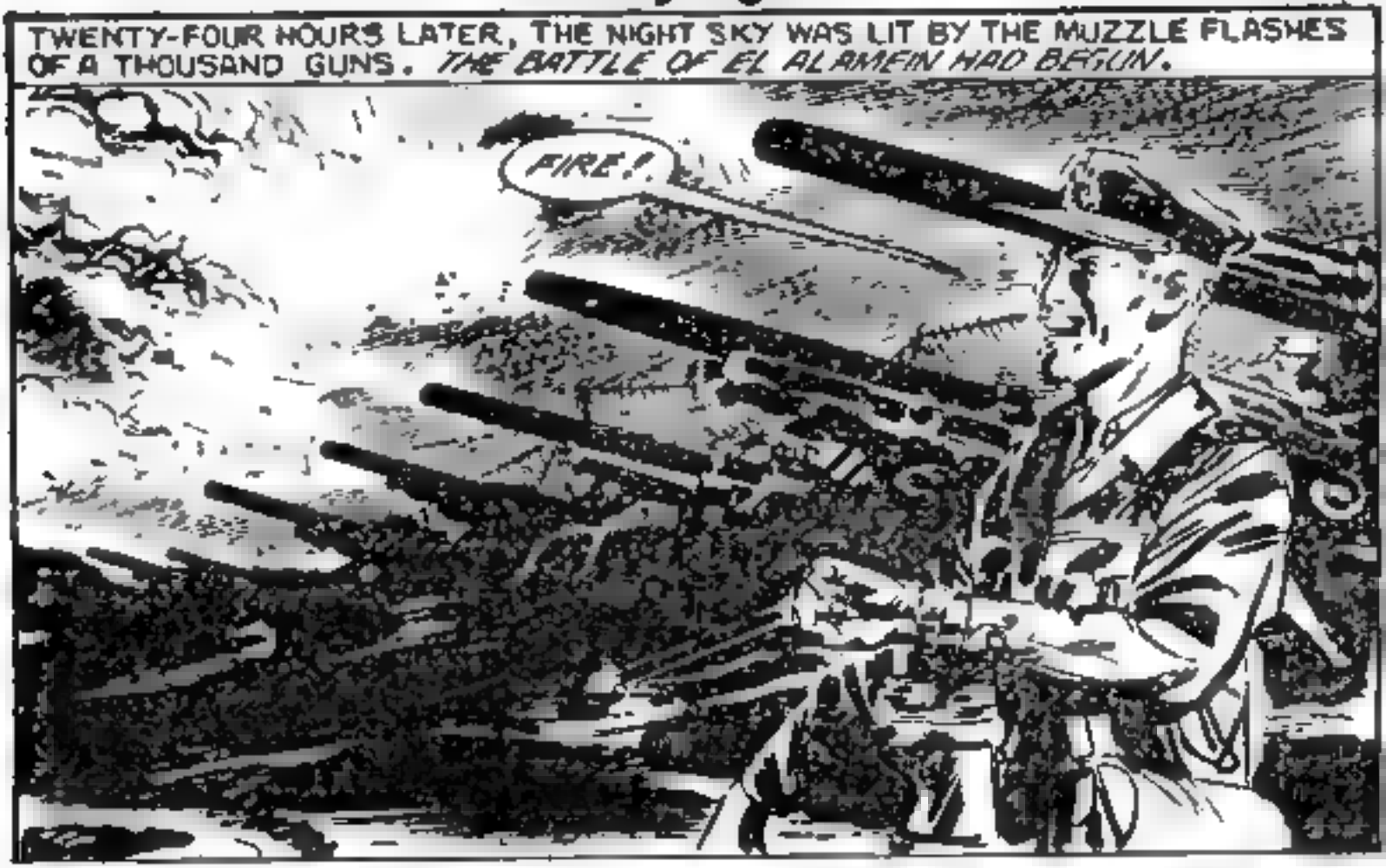
Blind Judgment



TO ALAN'S SURPRISE, COLONEL STRICKLAND TOOK A FAR MORE LENIENT VIEW THAN HE HAD ANTICIPATED.
THE DESERT'S A CAPRICIOUS OLD VIXEN UNTIL YOU GET TO KNOW HER. NO HARM DONE, MY BOY.
YOUNG NORDAN REALLY IS THE BLUE-EYED BOY. IF ONE OF US HAD...

BUT C.S.M. LAWSON TOOK A DIFFERENT VIEW OF THE MATTER.
COME ON, LAWSON, WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER LONG ENOUGH / WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
WELL, IT'S — IT'S THE CAPTAIN / HE'S TURNED THE LADS A BIT SOUR, SIR. IT'S WHEN WE BUMP JERRY AGAIN THAT WORRIES ME. ONCE THE MEN HAVE LOST CONFIDENCE...

Blind Judgment


TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER, THE NIGHT SKY WAS LIT BY THE MUZZLE FLASHES OF A THOUSAND GUNS. THE BATTLE OF EL ALAMEIN HAD BEGUN.
FIRE!

AS THE FULL ORCHESTRA OF THE BOMBARDMENT REACHED ITS CRESCENDO, THE INFANTRY ROSE FROM THE GROUND AND MOVED RESOLUTELY FORWARD.

Blind Judgment

THE GERMAN MACHINE GUNS TOOK A PITILESS TOLL, BUT THE ATTACKERS ON THE CENTRE AND RIGHT FLANK PRESSED DOGGEDLY UPWORDS.
TRAVERSE LEFT! GROSS TEUFEL! WE CANNOT HOLD THE SWINE!

ON THE LEFT FLANK, ALAN NORDAN LED "B" COMPANY TOWARDS THE EXTREME END OF THE RIDGE.
THEY'VE GOT THE DROP ON US WITH THAT M.G. NEST. WE'LL HAVE TO RUSH IT, SIR!

BUT ALAN'S TORMENTED MIND WAS STILL DWELLING ON THAT FIRST FATEFUL ACTION. AS THE AIR FILLED WITH THE HUNGRY WHINE OF HOT GERMAN LEAD, INSTINCT TOOK OVER FROM COMMONSENSE...
GO TO GROUND!

Blind Judgment

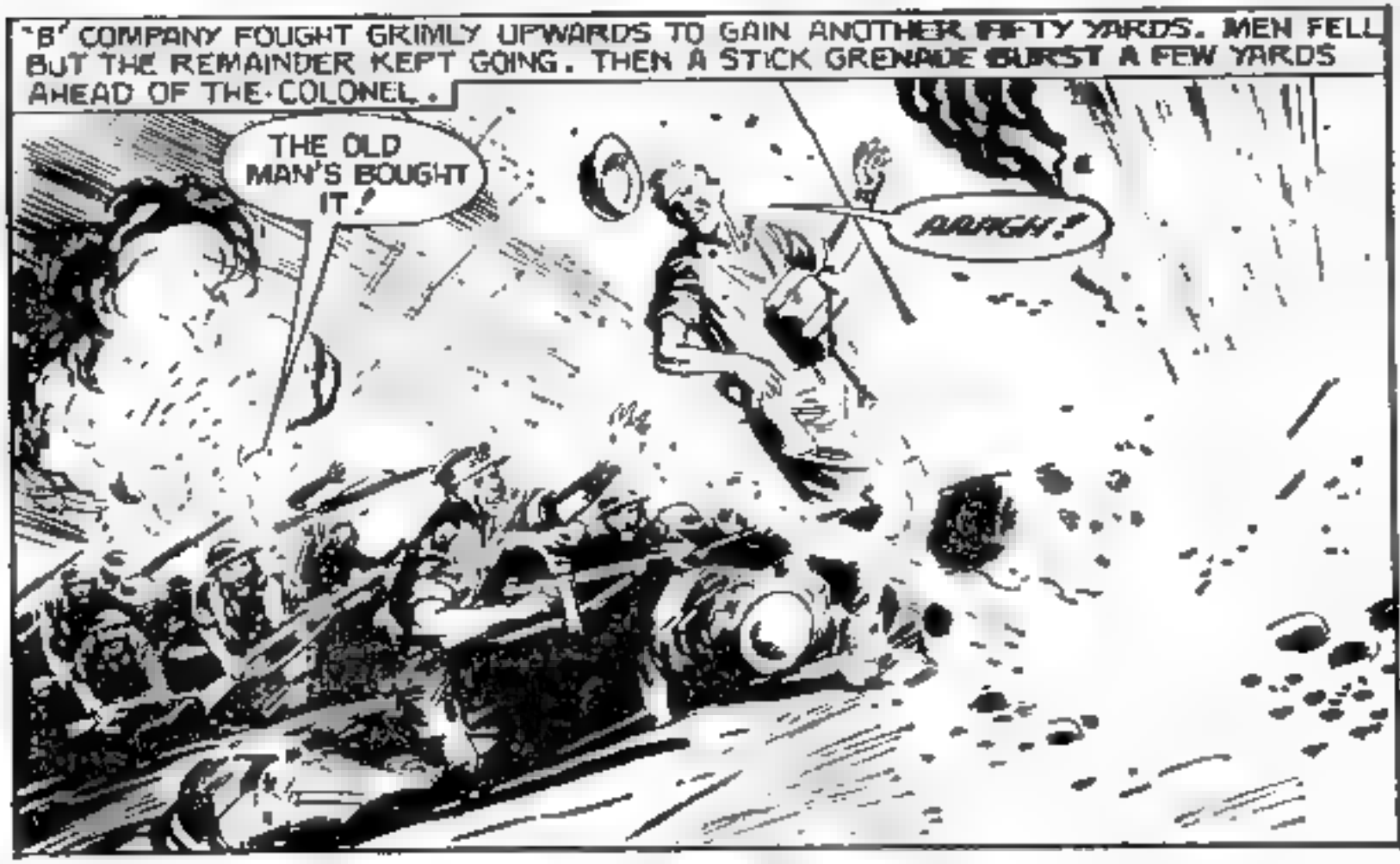
THE BATTALION HAD PAID A HIGH PRICE, BUT AT LAST THE REMNANTS OF THREE COMPANIES STOOD FIRMLY ALONG THE RIDGE.
WELL DONE, LADS, WE —
'B' COMPANY, SIR! THEY'RE PINNED DOWN ON THE LEFT FLANK!

IF THEY DON'T CLEAR THEIR SECTOR, JERRY WILL PUT IN A COUNTER ATTACK AND ROLL US BACK CLEAN OFF THE RIDGE.
"B" COMPANY! YOUNG NORDAN! COME ON, DON, WE'D BETTER GET OVER THERE FAST.

THERE WAS BITTER DISILLUSIONMENT IN THE COLONEL'S EYES.
BLAZES, SERGEANT-MAJOR — WHY DIDN'T YOU KEEP UP WITH THE BATTALION? WHERE'S CAPTAIN NORDAN?
HE'S OVER THERE, SIR. THE FIRE WAS THICK AND HE ORDERED US TO HIT THE DECK, BUT...

Blind Judgment

NUMB WITH HORROR AND SHAME, ALAN NORDAN WATCHED THE COLONEL FORCE HIS MEN BACK INTO THE ATTACK.
FOLLOW ME, LADS — FORWARD!
THEY'LL NEVER MAKE IT! THAT MACHINE GUN NEST WILL CHEW THEM TO MINCEMEAT.


"B" COMPANY FOUGHT GRIMLY UPWARDS TO GAIN ANOTHER FIFTY YARDS. MEN FELL BUT THE REMAINDER KEPT GOING. THEN A STICK GRENADE BURST A FEW YARDS AHEAD OF THE COLONEL.
THE OLD MAN'S BOUGHT IT!
BANG!

Blind Judgment

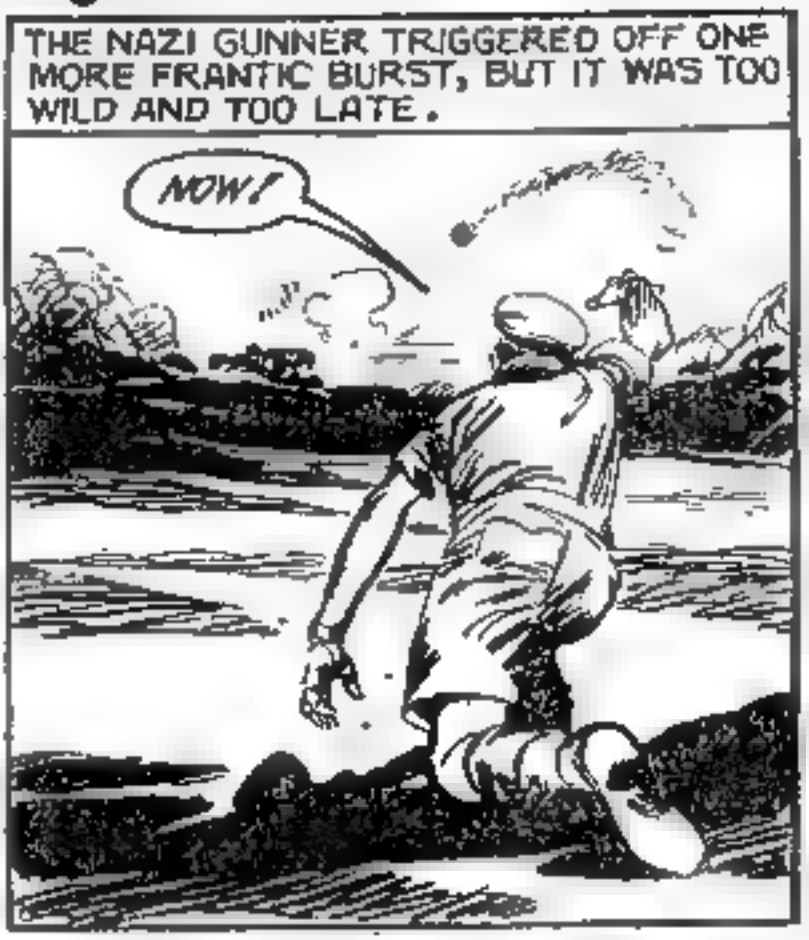
A SHADOWY SMILE OF APPROVAL CROSSED THE GAUNT FACE OF MAJOR RITCHIE AS HE SAW THE LONE FIGURE START FORWARD.
THAT'S IT, LAD, YOU CAN DO IT!
OO.

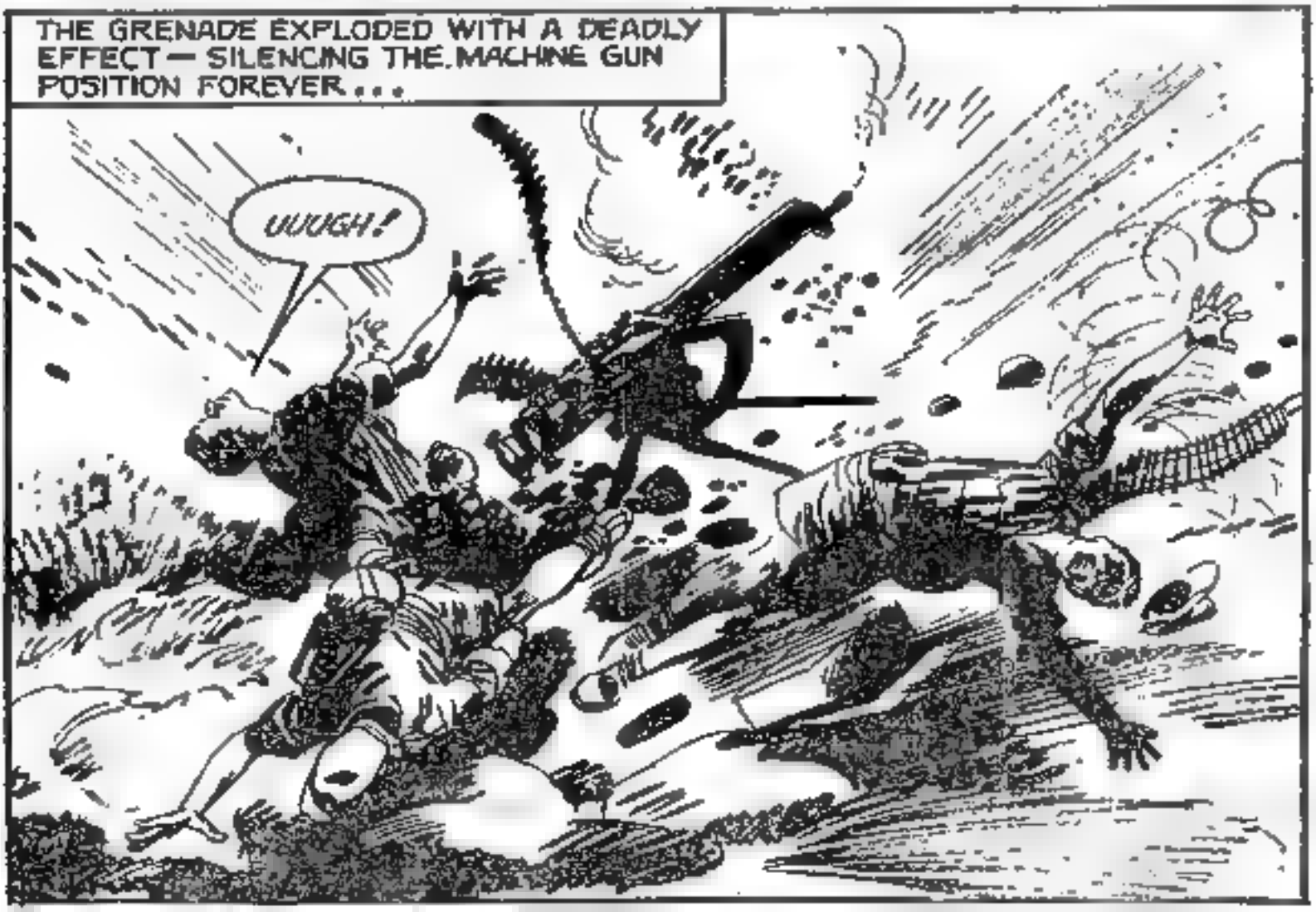
ASTONISHED EYES FOLLOWED THE FLYING FIGURE THAT HURLED ITSELF UP THE BULLET-LASHED SLOPE.
IT'S THE CAPTAIN! HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!
IF HE CAN DO IT, SO CAN WE! COME ON, MEN!

THE WILDLY ZIG-ZAGGING FIGURE MADE AN ELUSIVE TARGET FOR THE NAZI GUNNERS.
ANOTHER BELT — SCHNELL, SCHNELL!
CUT THE DOG DOWN BEFORE HE GETS TOO CLOSE!

AS THE RANGE CLOSED, THE GERMANS FIRE BECAME WILD AND ERRATIC. BY SOME MIRACLE, NORDAN WAS WITHIN TWENTY YARDS OF THEIR HOT MUZZLES BEFORE THE MAGAZINE ON HIS BREN RAN DRY.
AM I CLOSE ENOUGH? THERE'LL ONLY BE TIME FOR ONE GRENADE!

I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT...


THE NAZI GUNNER TRIGGERED OFF ONE MORE FRANTIC BURST, BUT IT WAS TOO WILD AND TOO LATE.
NOW!


THE GRENADE EXPLODED WITH A DEADLY EFFECT — SILENCING THE MACHINE GUN POSITION FOREVER...
UUUGH!

Blind Judgment

IN THE FACE OF THE AGGRESSIVE ASSAULT, RESISTANCE ALONG THE RIDGE COLLAPSED.
KAMERAD! KAMERAD!

IN THE SILENCE THAT HAD FALLEN ON THE HILLSIDE, MAJOR RITCHIE MADE HIS WAY SLOWLY BACK TO THE ADVANCED DRESSING STATION, WHERE THE COLONEL WAS HAVING HIS WOUND DRESSED.
IT'S ALL OVER, SIR. THE OBJECTIVE HAS BEEN TAKEN.
I'LL COME AND SEE THE MEN. THEY'VE DONE WELL. BUT NORDAN...

Blind Judgment

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